

# MARSHAL'S SALE.

By Virtue of An Execution.

I will expose for S  
on *Tuesday*

the forenoon  
all the rig'  
in the fc

VENDUE,  
day of  
ck, in

Fac-simile of  
public notice of  
Sheriff's sale of  
64 pasteboard  
boxes, 2 wooden  
boxes, 6 leather  
cases—all pri-  
vate papers of  
Lebaudy.



Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, the most famous horse-  
woman of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club, who,  
Lebaudy boasted, admired his horse-  
manship, and ran the club in  
obedience to his directions.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

ONCE more free to concentrate his attention on his plans for making a garden of the desert wastes of Sahara and setting up an empire there, Jacques Lebaudy made up his mind no longer to defy the nations of Europe, but frankly to ask their consent to his undertaking.

At the time he reached this decision, as told in these pages last Sunday, a conference of diplomatic representatives of all the great world powers was about to be held at Algieras to discuss the tangled affairs of Morocco. Lebaudy jumped at this opportunity of presenting his case without the expense and delay of corresponding separately with the various governments or of visiting their capitals in person.

For weeks he worked strenuously all day long and often far into the night, dictating to a corps of secretaries an elaborate resume of his imperial plans. At last it was completed. In a final paragraph Lebaudy summed up his case as follows:

"I respectfully ask the permission of the assembled representatives of the great powers of the world to conquer, civilize and colonize such portions of the Desert of Sahara as I have described above. If I am allowed to do this I will make a happy, prosperous empire of the dreary wastes of sand which now serve no useful purpose, but are, on the contrary, a perpetual menace to the peace of the rest of the world."

This exhaustive summary of his plans was entrusted to two confidential agents, who hastened to Algieras in season to be there at the beginning of the conference. Lebaudy held himself in readiness to follow and make his appeal in person as soon as he received word that his petition was actually under consideration.

But the summons to Algieras which he fondly expected never came. Instead, the wires and mails brought the most discouraging news.

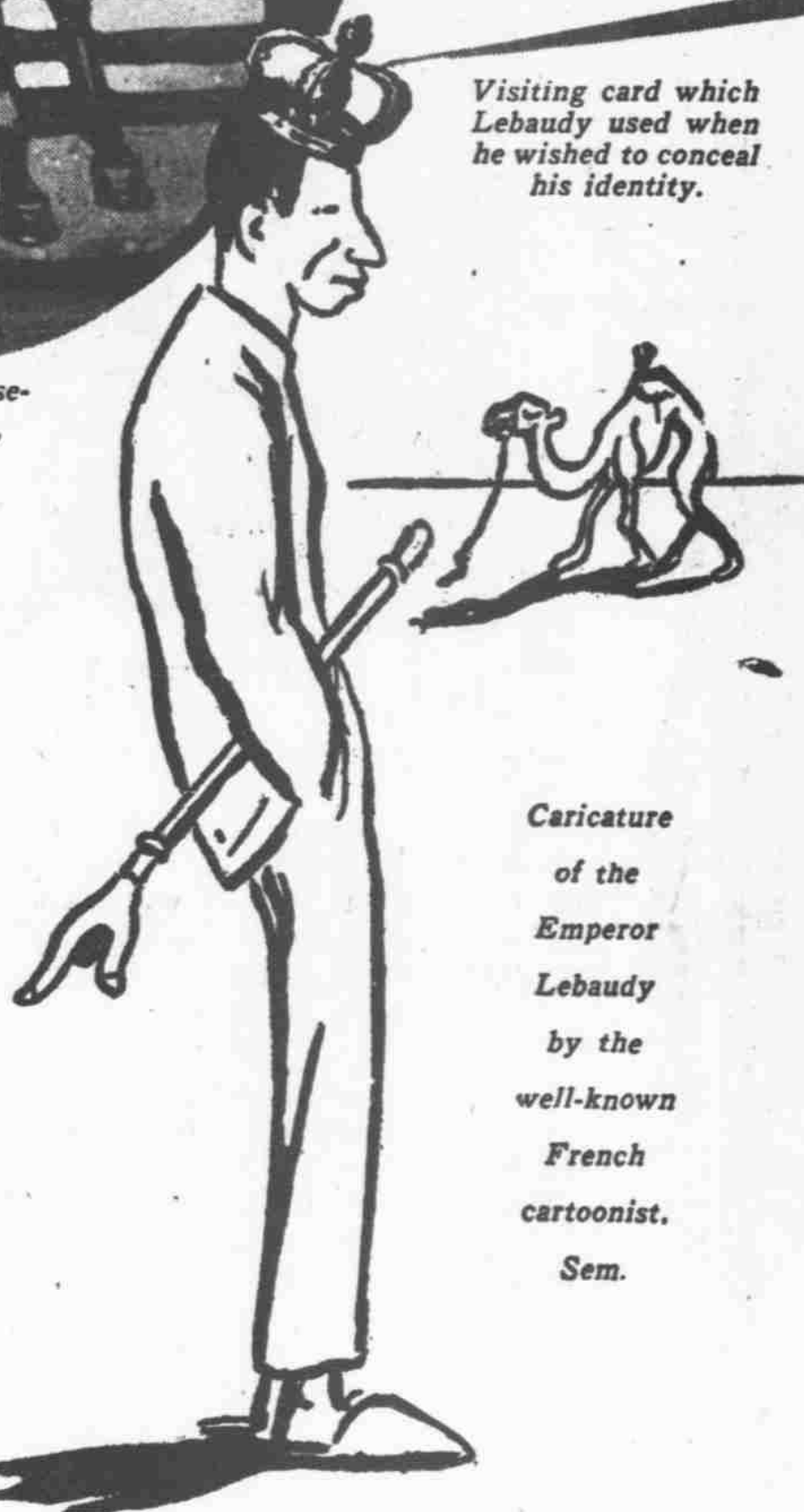
The conference positively refused to consider Lebaudy's claims to empire unless their consideration was especially requested by the representatives of France. And the French diplomats, doubtless obeying instructions from the Foreign Office in Paris, were not disposed to make any such request. In fact, they showed a tendency to regard the whole matter as a huge joke.

When news finally reached Lebaudy that the conference had closed without giving his plans any consideration he was overwhelmed with disappointment and rage. What made his latest failure to attain his heart's desire particularly bitter was the fact that his native land—the country where his father had amassed his fortune and where the bulk of his own wealth was invested—had heartlessly refused to recognize him as a legitimate empire builder.

As Lebaudy paced like a caged tiger up and down his study he cursed the land which had borne him. The French Government was, he firmly believed, bent on destroying him. The idea of living longer in a country where such injustice could prevail was intolerable.

He would renounce his citizenship in France, dispose of all his property there and go to the United States. In that land of freedom and progress, where people have the good sense to welcome new ideas instead of laughing at them, his imperial plans were sure to receive sympathetic encouragement.

When his dreams were finally realized—when the Sahara bloomed like a garden and he wielded the sceptre over all its fertile fields and populous cities—ah, that would be a revenge worth having! The knowledge that he had succeeded in his purpose not only without the aid of France, but in the face of that country's bitter opposi-



Caricature  
of the  
Emperor  
Lebaudy  
by the  
well-known  
French  
cartoonist,  
Sem.

tion, would be ample reparation for the humiliation he was now undergoing.

The very evening that Lebaudy made up his mind to this he was walking through the Avenue de l'Opera when he heard his name called. It was a woman's voice, and its gentle accents roused pleasant echoes in his memory.

He turned to see the smiling face of Augustine Delierre framed in the open window of a cab. She stretched out a graceful arm and beckoned him to her side.

Augustine Delierre was an actress who had been exceedingly popular in Paris at the time when the idea of an empire of his own was taking root in Lebaudy's brain. She had been his first choice for Empress of the Sahara, and when he went to London to set up his court and prepare for another invasion of Africa he had taken her with him.

But during the stormy days when the Emperor was enthroned in a suite at the Savoy Hotel the two had quarrelled. Mlle. Delierre was as impetuous and self-willed as she was beautiful, and one evening she packed her trunks and returned to Paris, bidding Lebaudy what she declared was "good-by forever." This chance meeting in the Avenue de l'Opera was their first since then.

Lebaudy was pleased to see that the passing years had left no visible mark on Augustine. Indeed, he thought her more adorably attractive than when he first met her.

In his discouragement over the rebuff his plans had received at Algieras, he felt badly in need of the solace of a charming woman's companionship. So he gladly yielded to her cordial urging to accompany her to her apartment and pass the evening there.

Before the cab reached Mlle. Delierre's door the quarrel which had parted them was forgiven and forgotten. And so warmly and intelligently did she sympathize with Lebaudy in everything that by the time he was ready to say good-night he was confessing himself desperately in love with her again.

Three weeks later the two were married. Mrs. Lebaudy thoroughly agreed with the wisdom of her husband's decision to leave France, and after a brief honeymoon she set about helping him put his affairs in shape for what might prove a life-long exile.

This was no easy matter, for suits which the Government and various private individuals had brought against Lebaudy presented many complications. And before they were finally ready to sail their first and only child was born—a daughter, whom they christened Jacqueline.

# The Count of Monte Cristo

Secrets of the Extraordinary Career of Jacques Lebaudy and His Wife, Reveal Almost Incredible Exploits of a Real Personage Which Entirely Excite the Imagination of the Great Nation.

Little did the Lebaudys realize as they bent fondly over their baby's crib that before Jacqueline reached womanhood she would one night be crouching behind the barred door of her room, listening in a panic of grief and fear to the succession of shots from her mother's revolver as they ended her father's life.

What was in many respects the most curious chapter in the eventful career of Jacques Lebaudy began after his arrival in New York with his wife and child.

A man of his temperament could not fail to enjoy the strenuous bustle of American life. But, as he quickly found out, it necessitated a complete readjustment of many of his ideas.

His fortune, which had seemed so ample, looked comparatively small in a land where multi-millionaires are so much more numerous than in France. And various shrewd American business men with whom he discussed his imperial plans did not hesitate to say that he needed far larger capital to ensure their success.

So, putting his dreams of empire aside for the time being, Lebaudy set about increasing his wealth. He was as successful in this as he had been in crushing his rivals in the sugar industry. A series of daring ventures in the stock market brought him large profits, which he promptly invested in valuable mining properties in South Africa, South America and other parts of the world.

Indeed, Jacques Lebaudy might well have become one of the great financial kings of his adopted land had it not been for an evil influence which had begun to exert itself over his life.

This fateful influence that worked such a radical change in Lebaudy's destiny was haunting fear—fear of some mysterious enemy who pursued him relentlessly wherever he went and who would stop at nothing to be revenged on him.

Whether this implacable foe was only the hallucination of a brain long overtaxed or whether it actually existed in the person of some man or woman whose ambitions had had to give way before Lebaudy's will never be known.

But that Lebaudy believed implicitly in the danger that always impended from this pursuer there can be no doubt. Fear of the fate he thought might overtake him at any moment drove him to all sorts of eccentricities. It wrecked his hopes of empire and was finally the indirect cause of his tragic death.

In the effort to lose his identity as much as possible and thus throw his pursuing enemy off the scent he began to neglect his personal appearance. He discarded all his jewelry all his fine clothing. Instead of the rich sable-lined coat and the immaculate silk hat of other days he wore a cheap cloth coat and a rough golf cap.

To have no fixed place of residence became a positive mania with him. Often he would divide his nights between two different hotels, staying at one until a little past midnight and going to another to remain until morning.

For many years the only address at which his attorneys and brokers were sure of reaching him on matters of the greatest importance was a lock box—No. 1665—at the New York Post Office. He maintained no office, but had carried about with him wherever he went numerous bags or boxes packed full of letters and business documents. Some of his effects that once went under the hammer at a Sheriff's sale included no less than seventy-two boxes of private papers.

The assortment of bags, satchels, portfolios, etc., which Jacques Lebaudy possessed was undoubtedly the world's largest collection of its kind. He never went anywhere without at least two or three of these pieces of luggage, and often there were so many of them that a half dozen messenger boys were required to carry them.

There were large patent leather bags made especially to hold correspondence files, brief cases of every size and hue, kit bags, satchels like those surgeons use for their instruments, suit cases and even a number of the cylindrical canvas bags such as soldiers and sailors use.

Almost invariably Lebaudy wore strapped to either hip two leather satchels that looked very much like women's shopping bags. One of these was filled with bundles of crisp new bills of large denomination, while the other was stuffed with stacks of the gold pieces which he was so fond of displaying.

At the time of his death more than two hundred bags and satchels filled with business papers were checked at different hotels. Yet, in spite of the fact that all the details of his numerous enterprises were scattered about in this strange way, he never seemed to have any difficulty in laying his hands on just the letter or document he wanted.

In his continual travels from one hotel to another he rarely registered twice in succession under the same name. Sometimes he would sign himself "Emperor Jacques I."; at others "Count Des Loches." But his usual custom was to inscribe in the register the first American or English name that came into his head.

"Georges Russell" was one of the assumed names that seems to have been a particular favorite of his. After his death thousands of cards so engraved were found among his effects.

Suspicion of everybody with whom he came in con-

tact was another result of Lebaudy's pitiful dread of the sword of Damocles under which he believed himself to be living. For this reason he dispensed during the last three years of his life with the services of the confidential secretary who had previously handled the details of his extensive investments.

But even when he had a secretary he handled most of his enormous correspondence through the public stenographers in the hotels. He made it a rule never to dictate letters to the same stenographer more than twice in one week. Often he would employ several stenographers for a single letter, dictating the first paragraph to one, the second to another, and so on.

All the time he spent in the offices of the hotel stenographers was not, however, devoted to dictation. He was passionately fond of Shakespeare, and when he found a stenographer whose voice struck him as especially pleasing he would engage her to read to him by the hour from "King Lear," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "Hamlet" and other plays.

If the reader's rendition of any passage failed to satisfy him he would snatch the book from her hands and read the lines himself as he thought they should be read.

Whenever Robert B. Mantell, the actor, and his wife, Genevieve Hamper, were appearing in a Shakespearean repertoire Lebaudy would attend every performance. He was so captivated with Mrs. Mantell's ability as an actress that he offered to pay her \$20 per hour more than her usual salary if she would visit his home in Westbury and read to him for three hours every day.

Taxicabs appealed to Lebaudy as a particularly effective means of eluding the enemies whom he was always expecting to discover stealing up behind him. During the years he was in New York probably nobody else travelled in these motor cabs so frequently as he.

With all his growing eccentricities Lebaudy never lost his fondness for imperial pomp and display. Uniforms held an irresistible fascination for him—provided he could make their wearers do his bidding.

He was never so happy as when surrounded by a crowd of servitors, and he preferred giving them their instructions through printed or typewritten manifestoes rather than by word of mouth.

For the guidance of taxicab drivers he had prepared a special code of "Ten Commandments," of which he always carried a quantity of printed copies. These read as follows:

- 1—Never let a hotel doorman or other lazy hound touch your door or assist your customers in getting in or alighting in any manner.
- 2—Never blow your horn until you have passed the danger zone.
- 3—Never ask for any information under any circumstances nor solicit my patronage.
- 4—Never seek to assist me in any way unless told to do so.
- 5—Never speak unless spoken to.
- 6—Never look behind at your passenger—always keep your eyes straight to the front.
- 7—Never shut off your motor. Keep it running at all times.
- 8—Never stop directly in front of a door which I wish to enter. Always stop twenty-five feet in advance, and after I alight drive twenty-five feet beyond the door and wait.
- 9—Never hold conversation with any one.
- 10—Drive slowly on all occasions. Never speed under any consideration.

One of Jacques Lebaudy's most eccentric undertakings and one which ended in his commission to a sanitarium for a course of treatment was his invasion of the fashionable Meadowbrook Hunt Club at the head of a grotesque cavalcade of messenger boys, whom he had hired in New York for this particular purpose.

The Meadowbrook Club is not far from the home which Lebaudy had taken in the fashionable suburb of Westbury, Long Island. Its membership is limited to the wealthiest and most exclusive of New York's smart set.

One bright Summer afternoon the members of the club and their guests to the number of several hundred were gathered at the polo field. An important match was to be played, and everybody was watching with keenest interest the players and their ponies as they made ready for the game.

Suddenly above the gay hum of laughter and conversation were heard the notes of a hunting horn, ringing out loud and clear on the still Summer air. Again and again the horn sounded, each time louder than before.

Eyes strained in the direction from which the sound came could detect a distant cloud of dust on the highway leading from Westbury.

Could it be a belated party coming to the polo game by tally-ho coach? Perhaps so, but nobody could recall any of the club members who had had such a plan in mind.

Nearer and nearer came the strident notes of the horn. At last it was possible to see what it was whose approach was heralded in this noisy and unusual way.

It was no tally-ho coach, no automobile that was approaching the club at such a furious pace. Through the dust which had previously hidden them could now be seen a body of horsemen—nineteen, twenty, twenty-one of them, all riding as if their very lives depended on this breakneck speed.

And both horses and men were decked out in a man-